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THE SENTIMENTAL SONG BOOK

BY

JULIA A. MOORE

“THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN”

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PREFACE

This little book is composed of truthful pieces. All those which speak of being killed, died or drowned, are truthful songs; others are "more truth than poetry." They are all composed by the author.

I was born in Plainfield, and lived there until I was ten years of age. Then my parents moved to Algoma, where they have lived until the present day, and I live near them, one mile west of Edgerton.

JULIA A. MOORE.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Author's Early Life.....	I
Centennial	5
John Robinson.....	7
The Brave Page Boys.....	11
Grand Rapids.....	15
Temperance Reform Clubs.....	17
Hiram Helsel.....	21
Beautiful Twenty-Second.....	23
William Upson.....	25
Dear Love, Do You Remember?.....	28
Hurrah for Cooper and Cary.....	30
My Infant Days.....	33
Roll On Time, Roll On.....	35
Minnie's Departure.....	37
Lois House.....	39
The Brave Volunteer.....	43
Little Andrew.....	45
William House and Family.....	47
The Orphan's Friend.....	51
The Two Brave Soldiers.....	53
Early Days of Rockford.....	57
Grand Rapids Cricket Club.....	59
Little Henry.....	61
Be Kind to the Little Ones.....	65

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Red Ribbon.....	67
Carrie Monro.....	69
Little Minnie.....	71
Centennial Celebration.....	75
Maryette Myers.....	78
The Dear Old Flag.....	81
Libby Prison.....	83
Hattie House.....	85
Little Susan.....	88
Young Henry.....	90
Ashtabula Disaster.....	93

INTRODUCTION

It is given to few of us to be unfailingly entertaining in a high degree. This faculty, combined with a profound sympathy for one's fellow-man in the different phases of his life and the varying degrees of his fortune, is as rare as genius itself. It is, in fact, genius of a kind so unusual that we fail to recognize it.

Many a poet with a true gift of song is not a hearty companion. Instead of stimulating in us cheer, buoyancy, good nature or humor, he arouses in us gloom, depression, and pessimism. Further, he often reveals himself to be as capable of a witticism as a grindstone is of playing a tune. This is less his fault than his misfortune. But if we peruse his verse and suffer from his pessimism, it becomes our misfortune too, and we rebel at the injustice of it, for it is not our fault. Thus it happens that poetry is unpopular with many of us. We are not fully assured that we are running a safe risk by approaching it. We look askance at it.

We suspect it; and if someone gives us a volume of verse, we keep it as clean as possible until Minnie's birthday arrives, when we send it to her as a contribution to her future culture—being thankful, meanwhile, that we do not need it for our own.

The author of the poems in this volume possesses that rare quality of which we have spoken in the opening paragraph. She is unfailingly entertaining. The fortunes of her fellow-man are the very sinews of her verse. She has the true gift of song. In her most somber moments she never permits the smile she has coaxed to our lips to get so far away that we may not bring it back again at once, in the fullness of its amplitude.

Even though the author of this volume was born in Michigan and

“Moved to Algoma nearly twenty years ago,”

the real source of her inspiration is not that humble town. It came to her directly from Mount Olympus. Though the Greek gods and goddesses who occupied that abode were scat-

tered over the earth long since, one of them fled to Michigan, and, like Persephone, remained concealed in the earth until the moment arrived to inspire the "Sweet Singer" of that state.

We need not trace step by step the life of the poetess. In her opening *chanson*, entitled "The Author's Early Life," all the facts of the case are presented. Where do we find a more succinct account of a family than this?

"I had two little sisters,
And a brother, which made three."

How naturally we say to ourselves $2 + 1 = 3$, and noting that fact to be accurately conveyed by the writer, feel reassured as to the exactness of statement that it is possible to express in verse. Already our prejudice against poets in general and in particular, begins to disappear.

Farther on, the simplicity of her girlhood life is brought strikingly before us:

"And it was two miles from a schoolhouse,
That's the distance I had to go,
And how many times I traveled
Through summer suns and winter snow."

Reader, you will peruse the simple lines of this rhythmical biography with joy. All this happened in Michigan. Perhaps you may live there yourself, or you may have a friend in that state. There may be concealed in the soil of the earth for you, or for your friend, another Greek goddess. In all events, you will make your way through these simple expressions of early life, feeling that they are full of promise and suggestion. They possess that rare quality of imagery which is expressed so well in the beautiful lines that Stevenson was so fond of quoting:

"Bill, Bill, says I,
Or words to that effect."

Humble, simple, truthful, concealing nothing, we read on until the subtlety of it all steals into us, and lo, the next time we go moseying down the street, as Cy Warman says, we find ourselves repeating the closing lines:

"And now kind friends, what I have wrote
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise as some have done
Hitherto herebefore."

No other poet in English has ever attempted to express the feeling of essential uncertainty that we find in the closing line. Ponder on it. When was hiterto herebefore? Was it yesterday, or Monday, or a week ago Tuesday? You do not know, because this is the absolute zero of retreating to the rear.

In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Robert Burns, the poet gradually introduces a whole family; father, mother, and, say, about three children. They come in gradually, with no pushing and hauling at the front door, with no struggle as to who shall get in first. But, reader, the poet succeeded in bringing them in, in an orderly manner because he was treating *a small family—a family of five*. Turn, if you will, to the lyric in this volume, entitled "William House and Family."

"They once had lived at Edgerton,
They once had lived at Muskegon,
From there they went to Chicago,
Which proved their fatal overthrow."

Note, if you will, the quantity necessary in the concluding line. Do not hesitate to make it

sound Shi-ca-gó. A little farther on we read:

“Two children died some years ago
Before they went to Chicago.”

Let us pause a moment and consider the heroism of these two little ones. Can you not picture them out back of the barn, discussing in their childish, philosophical way, the injury to the family pride of having to move to that reprehensible town? And, having quietly discussed the shame and confusion which would inevitably follow, can you not see them stealing back into the house, and creeping into their little beds, to die on the spot rather than leave Muskegon?

We have referred to Burns' delicate handling of a family of five. William House and family were eleven in number. We read toward the end that

“Minnie and her mother lay in one bed.”

Charles comes in, and says:

“Our Minnie is dead,”

and yet there is no crowding.

We can only picture what another poet would have done with a family of eleven. Of course, it is necessary in order to bring the number down to a normal standard, for father to die. So we are informed that:

“Charles helped the sexton, I am told,
To lay his form in the coffin cold.”

What other poet could have done as well with so large a *dramatis personæ*?

The two distinctive qualities of a poet, are creation, and the capacity to take from the world of material things new and startling objects with which to arouse the mind of the reader. There is a striking instance of this in this volume. We refer to the poem “John Robinson.” John went to California, and after failing fortunes, writes home, thus:

“Dear brother, will you please
Some money to me send,
For if I stay my life is short,
For the air disagrees with me.”

Brother Will reads the letter, and exclaims:

“Dear brother, he shall soon return,
For I will go and fetch him.”

But, in the meantime, John is fighting the great fight alone.

“For he was sick and very bad,
Poor boy, he thought, no doubt,
If he came home in a smoking car
His money would hold out.”

There are not merely rhyme and rhythm in this stanza—there is something so subtle that it may escape the attention of the average reader: the thrifty decision to pass away in a smoking car and save the expense of performing that act in the next coach, should not be overlooked, for John could not die more successfully, even in a Pullman. This is the only book of poems available that carries a reference to a club-smoker.

The gift of humor is a pleasant thing. How charming it is to meet one who holds a peanut concealed in one hand behind his back, and begs you to guess in which one it is. There is a line, here and there in this volume that, in the haste of modern life, no one should read too hurriedly. In the poem entitled “Little Andrew,” we are told:

"One bright and pleasant morning,
His uncle thought it would be nice
To take his dear little nephew
Down to play upon —— —."

Now, at the point where the quotation is so suddenly interrupted, anyone responsive to poetry would close the eyes and finish the line by adding the words

"the ice."

But, no, our Singer is in a playful mood. She smiles at our guess, and then opens the hand. Were we right? Not a bit of it. The missing words are:

"a raft."

Once again we find a similar instance, one in which the poet will not permit the reader's mind to have its own way. Note the peculiar turn given to the fourth line, after you have guessed what is to come.

"Many a man joined a club
That never drank a drachm,
Those noble men were kind and brave,
They do not care —— —."

What gentleman—in fact, what lady—would fail to supply the proper close to this line? And yet, however naturally the words spring to the lips, the fact of the matter is:

“They do not care *for slang*.”

Geoffrey Chaucer, A. D. 1300 and something or other, packed a good many surprises away in his book called “The Canterbury Tales,” but Geoffrey never thought of either of the above applications of the sense of humor. As our poet employs it, she not only conveys information, but she brings the mind up with a jerk. We look around quickly to see what made the noise, and feel instinctively for our money and our watch.

Few poets can produce this effect upon us, unless we meet them personally.

Dear reader if you are a man
The Sweet Singer of Michigan
Will give you joy and make you guess
The world has one great poetess.
If you're a lady, by whatever name,
The result will be as before the same.
With this book, O do not part,
For it was wrote by a true heart.

And when you die leave it to your dear boy
So he may grow to be a man
And love the Sweet Singer of Michigan,
U. S. A. in the Middle West,
Where in the town of Algoma,
So many years ago
They bought one hundred acres of land,
That's a good-sized farm, you know.
And where their daughter, Julia A. Moore,
Sang sweet songs of rich and poor;
Sweet songs that yestereve or to-morrow
Bring forth tears—but not of sorrow.
Love these songs—learn them by heart,
But with this book, O do not part.

T.



THE AUTHOR'S EARLY LIFE

I WILL write a sketch of my early life,
It will be of childhood day,
And all who chance to read it,
No criticism, pray.
My childhood days were happy,
And it fills my heart with woe,
To muse o'er the days that have passed by
And the scenes of long ago.

In the days of my early childhood,
Kent county was quite wild,
Especially the towns I lived in
When I was a little child.
I will not speak of my birthplace,
For if you will only look
O'er the little poem, My Childhood Days,
That is in this little book.

I am not ashamed of my birthright,
Though it was of poor estate,
Many a poor person in our land
Has risen to be great.

My parents were poor, I know, kind friends,
But that is no disgrace;
They were honorable and respected
Throughout my native place.

My mother was an invalid,
And was for many a year,
And I being the eldest daughter
Her life I had to cheer.
I had two little sisters,
And a brother which made three,
And dear mother being sickly,
Their care it fell on me.

My parents moved to Algoma
Near twenty-three years ago,
And bought one hundred acres of land,
That's a good sized farm you know.
It was then a wilderness,
With tall forest trees abound,
And it was four miles from a village,
Or any other town.

And it was two miles from a schoolhouse,
That's the distance I had to go,
And how many times I traveled
Through summer suns and winter snow.
How well do I remember
Going to school many a morn,
Both in summer and in winter,
Through many a heavy storm.

My heart was gay and happy,
This was ever in my mind,
There is better times a coming,
And I hope some day to find
Myself capable of composing.
It was my heart's delight,
To compose on a sentimental subject
If it came in my mind just right.

If I went to school half the time,
It was all that I could do ;
It seems very strange to me sometimes,
And it may seem strange to you.

It was natural for me to compose,
And put words into rhyme,
And the success of my first work
Is this little song book of mine.

My childhood days have passed and gone,
And it fills my heart with pain
To think that youth will nevermore
Return to me again.
And now kind friends, what I have wrote,
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise as some have done,
Hitherto herebefore.

CENTENNIAL

COME all ye friends of Liberty,
Who love our good old nation,
Let hands and hearts united be,
And beat the wide creation.
For this is our Centennial year,
The birthday of our nation;
For it is just one hundred years
That's stood our good old nation.

CHORUS

Centennial! Centennial!
Hurrah to the Centennial;
And many, many people gone
To our national Centennial.

To Philadelphia people went,
And more was sure to go, sir;
They say there was things to be seen
Of a hundred years ago, sir.

Come all ye sons of liberty,
That love our good old nation,
Unite and keep our country free,
And the stars and stripes a waving.

The revolutionary war was fought
To gain our independence,
That we a nation great may be,
Both free and independent.
They fought the British, far and near,
For freedom, and they gained it—
In Centennial years of Jubilee,
Let Columbia's sons maintain it.

JOHN ROBINSON

AIR—" *The Drunkard* "

COME listen, friends, and hear a song,
It is a doleful one,
About a young man, dead and gone—
He died far away from home.
John Robinson this young man's name,
His age I cannot tell,
And he was loved by all his friends,
And he was known full well.

His father and mother being dead,
It left him an orphan boy,
When he was with his brother
His health failed him, poor boy.
Kind friends they thought 'twould do him good
To travel for his health;
To California he did go
With his Uncle Zera French.

He was not gone but a short time
When a letter his friends received;
It told how homesick Johnny was,
How he for home did grieve.
It said that he was getting worse,
And his money was nearly gone,
And if he did not soon return
Never more would he see home.

It said, "Dear Brother, will you please
Some money to me send,
For I fear I have not got enough
To bring me back again.
The doctor says I must soon return,
If I wish my home to see,
For if I stay my life is short,
For the air disagrees with me."

His brother Will the letter read,
It made his eyes grow dim.
"Dear brother, he shall soon return,
For I will go and fetch him."

This brother dear was very kind;
With money, he went with haste
For to bring him home again,
But Oh! he went too late.

For he was sick, and very bad—
Poor boy, he thought, no doubt,
If he came home in a smoking car
His money would hold out.
He started to come back alone—
He came one-third the way—
One evening in the car alone
His spirit fled away.

No friend was near to speak to him,
Or hear his dying moan;
How sad, how sad it must have been
To die there all alone;
No loving friends to soothe his brow,
Or ease his weary form;
Poor soul, poor soul is now at rest,
For his soul to heaven has gone.

Telegraph dispatch was sent his friends—

How sad were they to hear—

How their loved one died all alone,

In a car with no one near.

The brother brought his body home

To his friends that loved him best.

He's sleeping in their grave yard now

Let peace be e'er his rest.

THE BRAVE PAGE BOYS

AIR—" *The Fierce Discharge.*"

IN the late rebellion war,
Grand Rapids did send out
As brave and noble volunteers
As ever went down south:
Among them were the brave Page boys—
Five brothers there were in all;
They enlisted and went down south,
To obey their country's call.

John S. Page was the eldest son—
He went down south afar,
And enlisted in the Mechanics,
And served his time in the war.
Fernando Page the second son;
Served in the Infantry;
He was wounded, lost both his feet
On duty at Yorktown siege.

Charles F. Page was a noble son—
In sixty-four did enlist,
And in the same year he was killed
In the fight of the Wilderness.
This brave boy was carrying the flag,
To cheer his comrades on.
He fought in the Eight Infantry;
Now he, brave boy, is gone.

'Tis said of this brave soldier boy—
'Twas just before he died—
Stood the flag standard in the ground,
Laid down by it and died.
The friends that loved this noble boy,
How sad were they to hear
Of his death on a battle field;
His age was twenty years.

James B. Page was a fine young man—
He went in the artillery;
He served his time with all the rest,
To keep his country free.

Enos Page the youngest brother—

His age was fourteen years—

Made five sons in one family,

Went from Grand Rapids, here.

When Enos Page went from his home,

He was only a boy, you know ;

He stole away from his mother dear

For he was bound to go.

She followed him to the barracks twice,

And took him home again ;

She found it was no use—at last

With friends let him remain.

In Eight Michigan Cavalry

This boy he did enlist ;

His life was almost despaired of,

On account of numerous fits,

Caused by drinking water poisoned—

Effects cannot outgrow ;

In northern Alabama, I hear,

There came this dreadful blow.

How joyful were the parents of
Those noble soldier boys,
There was one missing of the five,
When they returned from war.
The one that carried the Union flag
Lies in a Southern grave,
The other brothers came back home
To Grand Rapids, their native place.

GRAND RAPIDS

AIR—"Bright Alfaretta"

WILD roved the Indians once
On the banks of Grand River,
And they built their little huts
Down by that flowing river.
In a pleasant valley fair,
Where flows the river rapid,
An Indian village once was there,
Where now stands Grand Rapids.

Indian girls and boys were seen,
With their bow and quiver,
Riding in their light canoes
Up and down the river.
Their hearts were full of joy,
Happy voices singing
Made music with forest birds,
They kept the valley ringing.

Indians have left and gone
Beyond the Mississippi.
They called the river Owashtenong
Where stands this pleasant city.
Louis Campau the first white man
Bought land in Grand Rapids.
He lived and died, an honored man
By people of Grand Rapids.

When Campau came to the valley
No bridge was across the river;
Indians in their light canoes
Rowed them o'er the water.
Railroads now from every way
Run through the city, Grand Rapids;
The largest town in west Michigan
Is the city of Grand Rapids.

TEMPERANCE REFORM CLUBS

AIR—" *Perhaps* "

SOME enterprising people,
In our cities and towns,
Have gone to organizing clubs
Of men that's fallen down;
In estimation fallen low—
Now they may rise again,
And be respected citizens
Throughout our native land.

CHORUS

The temperance reform club,
Forever may it stand,
And everyone that loves strong drink
Pray, join it heart and hand.
Then many a home will be bright,
And many a heart made glad,
It will be the greatest blessing
This nation ever had.

Manufacturers of strong drink
Can find better employ,
Than bring to ruin poor families,
And thousand souls destroy,
Likewise proprietors of saloons
Lose many a customer ;
Those men now rather stay at home,
That place they now prefer.

CHORUS:—

Don't be ashamed to wear your badge
Of ribbon on your breast,
It shows you've joined the club to be
A man among the rest.
Your kindred friends will love to see
You honored, sober man,
And all the friends that wish you well
Will help you if they can.

CHORUS:—

Perhaps you have a mother,
Likewise a sister, too ;
Perhaps you have a sweetheart
That thinks the most of you.

Perhaps you have a loving wife,
And little ones at home,
Their hearts rejoice to see that you
Can let strong drink alone.

CHORUS:—

Many a man joined the club
That never drank a drachm,
Those noble men were kind and brave
They care not for the slang—
The slang they meet on every side:
“You’re a reform drunkard, too;
You’ve joined the red ribbon brigade,
Among the drunkard crew.”

CHORUS:—

It shows their hearts were very kind,
They wished to save poor souls
That loved the intoxication cup,
That signed the temperance roll.
Dear friends, ever keep rolling
The work you have begun,
Those noble men will not repent,
I hope, throughout our land.

CHORUS:—

Dr. Reynolds is a noble man,
He has worked hard to save
Some people in our cities and towns,
From out a drunkard's grave.
There is other men to help him now,
He lectures not alone
Many a heart that blesses them
From out now happy homes.

CHORUS:—

HIRAM HELSEL

AIR—" *Three Grains of Corn* "

ONCE was a boy, age fifteen years,
Hiram Helsel was his name,
And he was sick two years or so ;
He has left this world of pain ;
His friends they miss this lovely boy,
That was patient, kind and brave.
He left them all for him to mourn—
He is sleeping in his grave.

He was a small boy of his age,
When he was five years or so
Was shocked by lightning while to play
And it caused him not to grow,
He was called little Hi. Helsel
By all friends that knew him well—
His life was sad, as you shall hear,
And the truth to you I'll tell.

His parents parted when he was small,
And both are married again.
How sad it was for them to meet
And view his last remains.
He was living with his father then,
As many a friend can tell;
'Tis said his father's second wife
That she did not use him well.

Just before little Hiram died—
His uncle and aunt were there—
He kissed them both—bid them farewell,
They left him with a prayer.
Now he is gone, Oh! let him rest;
His soul has found a haven,
For grief and woe ne'er enters there,
In that place called heaven.

BEAUTIFUL TWENTY-SECOND

To Original Music

THE people in this nation,
Have kept for many years,
February twenty-second,
That day we love it dear.
It's our forefather's birthday,
Brave, noble Washington;
And may we ever keep it,
Through all the years to come.

CHORUS

Beautiful twenty-second,
Beautiful twenty-second,
May the people ever keep it,
Beautiful twenty-second.

One of the constitution builders,
Was that brave, noble man,
He fought under that dear flag
That's loved throughout our land.

He went through many battles,
He fought for liberty,
That this glorious republic
A nation great may be.

CHORUS—

Oh, keep the twenty-second,
In honor to his name,
Who fought to gain our freedom
From England's British chains.
Now he is sweetly sleeping,
Brave, noble Washington,
May the people not forget him,
Columbia's noblest son.

CHORUS—

WILLIAM UPSON

AIR—" *The Major's Only Son* "

COME all good people, far and near,
Oh, come and see what you can hear,
It's of a young man, true and brave,
Who is now sleeping in his grave.

Now, William Upson was his name—
If it's not that it's all the same—
He did enlist in the cruel strife,
And it caused him to lose his life.

He was Jesse Upson's eldest son,
His father loved his noble son;
This son was nineteen years of age,
In the rebellion he engaged.

His father said that he might go,
But his dear mother she said no.
"Stay at home, dear Billy," she said,
But oh, she could not turn his head.

For go he would, and go he did—
He would not do as his mother bid,
For he went away down South, there
Where he could not have his mother's care.

He went to Nashville, Tennessee,
There his kind friends he could not see;
He died among strangers, far away,
They knew not where his body lay.

He was taken sick and lived four weeks,
And oh, how his parents weep,
But now they must in sorrow mourn,
Billy has gone to his heaven home.

If his mother could have seen her son,
For she loved him, her darling one,
If she could heard his dying prayer,
It would ease her heart till she met him there.

It would relieved his mother's heart,
To have seen her son from this world depart,
And hear his noble words of love,
As he left this world for that above.

It will relieve his mother's heart,
That her son is laid in our grave yard;
Now she knows that his grave is near,
She will not shed so many tears.

She knows not that it was her son,
His coffin could not be opened—
It might be some one in his place,
For she could not see his noble face.

He enrolled in eighteen sixty-three,
The next day after Christmas eve;
He died in eighteen sixty-four,
Twenty-third of March, as I was told.

DEAR LOVE, DO YOU REMEMBER?

DEAREST one, do you remember,
As we sat side by side,
How you told me that you loved me,
Asked me to be your bride.
And you told me we'd be happy,
Through all the years to come,
If we ever would prove faithful,
As in the days when we were young.

Oh! how well do I remember,
The kind and loving words,
And now as I sat dreaming,
The thoughts my memory stirs.
But the days have passed before me,
And the scenes of long ago,
But I can never forget the
Days that have passed o'er.

Oh! how clearly I remember
The days when we were young,
How we would tell to each other
Of happy times to come,
And as we would sit together,
That dear loved one and I,
Oh, sat dreaming of the future,
And childhood days gone by.

Dearest love, do you remember
The first time that we met—
Our youthful days have gone, love,
I hope you love me yet,
Now we are growing old, love,
Our heads will soon be gray,
May we ever love each other
Till from earth we pass away.

HURRAH FOR COOPER AND CARY

AIR—*"Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys"*

WE WILL rally in the city,
We will gather from the farms,
Shouting equalization,
Greenbacks a legal tender,
Then the poor will get along,
The poor that dwell throughout our nation.

CHORUS

Three cheers for Cooper and Cary
Hurrah, boys, hurrah;
Three cheers for our nation,
In peace and in war;
If it were not for our laboring men,
What would our nation do—
Take this in consideration.

It is now one hundred years,
Or just one century,
Stood grand this good old nation,
And our forefathers fought
That we may not be a slave—
A slave to the monarchy of England.

Revolutionary war was fought
With the British, this we hear,
To make this an independent nation;
We, the independent men,
We will not be a slave,
To bond-holders in our nation.

The Republicans are for gold,
And the nation as it is;
Take this in consideration.
In eighteen seventy-nine
Taxes must be paid in gold,
If Hayes and Wheeler gain election.

The Democrats are for gold,
Reform and economy;
What better off will be our nation,
If Tilden and Hendricks,
If they gain the day—
Poor people will come to starvation.

Come, freeman, now arise,
Put your shoulder to the wheel
This Presidential election;
Vote for an independent man,
One in favor of greenbacks,
In this great financial question.

Three cheers for Cooper and Cary,
May they keep marching on—
Marching with God upon the right, boys,
May they conquer o'er their foes
And the cursed money rings—
Right will yet conquer might, boys.

MY INFANT DAYS

AIR—" *The Rain upon the Roof* "

WHEN I was a little infant,
And I lay in mother's arms,
Then I felt the gentle pressure
Of a loving mother's arms.
"Go to sleep my little baby,
Go to sleep," mamma would say;
"Oh, will not my little lady
Go to sleep for ma to-day."

Oh! my parents loved me dearly,
For I was their eldest born,
And they always called me Julia
In a mild and loving form.
My parents will not forget me,
Though I married and left their home,
For they can remember clearly
How with them I once did roam.

Oh! my mother, how I love her,
Though her head is growing gray,
For in fancy I can see her
Bending o'er me night and day,
As she did when I was little,
Watching me in sleep and play—
Mother now is growing feeble,
Now I will her love repay.

Oh! my father, how I love him,
For he has worked hard for me,
For to earn my food and clothing,
In my little infancy.
And oh, I will not forget him,
While on earth I do remain—
May the God of heaven bless him
In this world of grief and pain.

ROLL ON TIME, ROLL ON

AIR—*"Roll on, Silver Moon"*

ROLL on time, roll on, as it always has done,
Since the time this world first begun;
It can never change my love that I gave a
dear man,
Faithful friend, I gave my heart and hand.

CHORUS

Roll on time, roll on, it can never turn back
To the time of my maiden days—
To the time of my youth it can never turn back
When I wandered with my love, bright and
gay.

I was happy then as a girl could ever be,
And live on this earth here below—
I was happy as a lark and as busy as a bee,
For in fashion or in style I did not go.

My parents were poor and they could not dress
me so,

For they had not got the money to spare,
And it may be better so, for I do not think
fine clothes

Make a person any better than they are.

Some people are getting so they think a poor
girl,

Though she be bright and intelligent and
gay,

She must have nice clothes, or she is nothing
in this world,

If she is not dressed in style every day.

Remember never to judge people by their
clothes,

For our brave, noble Washington said,
"Honorable are rags, if a true heart they en-
close,"

And I found it was the truth when I
married.

MINNIE'S DEPARTURE

AIR—"Mount Vernon"

DEAREST Minnie, she has left us,
In this world of grief and woe,
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
He called her little soul to go.

Minnie's gone to dwell in heaven,
Where bright little angels reign.
Her little soul has reached a haven
Where there is no grief and pain.

God will bless his little treasures,
One by one, that come to Him;
Though she has left this world forever,
We will put our trust in Him.

Oh! we loved our little dear one,
It's no human tongue can tell—
God has called her to come to him,
Yet he doeth all things well.

Oh! 'twas hard for us to leave her
In her little grave so low—
Leave that little silent sleeper,
But 'tis there we all must go.

Oh! we miss our little treasure,
And her loss we deeply feel—
When we think she's gone forever,
Tears there from our eyes will steal.

LOIS HOUSE

AIR—"Saphrona's Farewell"

COME all ye young people of every degree,
Come give your attention one moment to me;
It's of a young couple I now will relate,
And of their misfortunes and of their sad fate.

One was a young damsel, both blooming and
fair,
The other a young man, his beauty was rare;
He loved this lady as he loved his own life—
If God had not called her he would made her
his wife.

He courted her a long time in triumph and
glee,
But little did he think that she would soon
leave,
Leave him in sorrow, forsaken, alone,
To mourn her departure, for she was going
home:

Going home to her Father, that dwelleth on
high,
Who gave her her life and who caused her to
die,
And leave her true lover, one whom she could
trust,
To moulder her fair form a while in the dust.

Lois House and Joy Morris were their names,
I believe,
They loved each other dearly and never de-
ceived,
But God he did part them, one which he laid
low,
The other He left with his heart full of woe.

Joy laid her dying head on his bosom once
more,
Pressed her to his heart as he had oft done
before,
Saying "Dear Lois, are you going to leave
me?"
"Yes, Joy, I can no longer stay here with
thee!"

“Oh! Joy, can’t you give me up, dearest,” said she;

“If you will say yes, love, I can leave in peace;
In heaven, love, I will be waiting for thee—
Be true to our Savior—you’ll soon follow me.”

“If I must say yes, love, for you to leave me—
God will do better by you, Lois, than me;
Oh! it’s hard for me, dearest, hard to say yes,
It leaves me alone, love, in sad woefulness.”

“I want your picture, Joy, placed in my cold
hand,
And let it be buried with me in the ground;
It’s all I can carry with me to the grave—
Grant it to me, love, it’s all that I crave.”

They called for her father and mother most
dear,

She kissed them and bade them farewell thro’
their tears;

They called for her brother and sisters again,
To kiss their sister while life still remain.

“One kiss from you, Joy,” she whispered so
low,

That no one in the room heard her, you know ;
She gasped for her breath once or twice more,
When lo ! her spirit left her, and Lois is no
more.

They placed her fair form in the coffin so cold,
And placed there Joy’s picture as they had
been told ;

They bore her to her grave, all were in sad
gloom,
And gently laid her down to rest in her tomb.

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEER

AT THE time of the rebellion
Between the north and south,
Many a noble volunteer
Kent county did send out.
Among them was Chyler Davis,
He hailed from Oakfield town,
He enlisted in the service,
His native land to shield.

This brave and noble volunteer,
He left his home and friends,
For he dearly loved his country,
He went from Michigan.
Not thinking when he went down south,
The Federal ranks to fill,
That he would lay in prisons,
Belle Isle to Andersonville.

In prison cells lamenting,
For seventeen months he lay,
Thinking of the dear ones
At home so far away.
He lay in prison suffering,
No friend to hear him moan,
A living, walking skeleton,
He was when he came home.

He was discharged in Kansas,
The place called Fort Leavenworth,
And he did return to Oakfield,
The place he first went forth.
How joyful were his parents
When they saw their then lost one;
The God of heaven was merciful
To let return their son.

LITTLE ANDREW

AIR—" *Gypsy's Warning* "

ANDREW was a little infant,
And his life was two years old;
He was his parents' eldest boy,
And he was drowned, I was told.
His parents never more can see him
In this world of grief and pain,
And Oh! they will not forget him
While on earth they do remain.

On one bright and pleasant morning
His uncle thought it would be nice
To take his dear little nephew
Down to play upon a raft,
Where he was to work upon it,
An this little child would company be—
The raft the water rushed around it,
Yet he the danger did not see.

This little child knew no danger—
Its little soul was free from sin—
He was looking in the water,
When, alas, this child fell in.
Beneath the raft the water took him
For the current was so strong,
And before they could rescue him
He was drowned and was gone.

Oh! how sad were his kind parents
When they saw their drowned child,
As they brought him from the water,
It almost made their hearts grow wild.
Oh! how mournful was the parting
From that little infant son.
Friends, I pray you, all take warning,
Be careful of your little ones.

WILLIAM HOUSE AND FAMILY

COME all kind friends, both far and near,
Come listen to me and you shall hear—
It's of a family and their fate,
All about them I will relate.

They once did live at Edgerton,
They once did live at Muskegon,
From there they went to Chicago,
Which proved their fatal overthrow.

It was William House's family,
As fine a family as you see—
His family was eleven in all,
I do not think it was very small.

Two children died some years ago,
Before they went to Chicago,
Five children there he had with him,
When death his home there enters in.

The small-pox then was raging there,
And Oh! it would not their house spare,
For all but one was sick of them,
A dreadful house it must have been.

The eldest girl was married then,
The eldest boy was in Michigan,
The second boy he was at home,
And took care of them all alone.

His father and his mother dear,
And dear sister, too, I hear,
Were very sick and in his care,
And no kind friends to help him there:

Two little brothers, and a baby too,
Made six in all—what could he do,
He had to take care of them all,
The baby, too, was very small.

As he would go to his father's bed,
And try to soothe his aching head,
"My son, I pray you leave me, do,
Go take care of poor mother, too.

“Your mother and sister need your care,
And your little infant brother there;
Oh! Charlie, Charlie, take care of them,
My son, do all for them you can.”

It seemed as though he did not know
That his poor soul so soon must go,
And leave his little ones he loved,
To go to that bright world above.

But God he called his soul away,
It had to leave, it could not stay—
He never more on earth will be,
His soul is from sin and sorrow free.

Charles helped the sexton, I am told,
To lay his form in the coffin cold—
How sad, how sad, poor soul was he,
When last his father's form did see.

Minnie May House she had to go,
And leave her friends that loved her so—
She was a girl just in her teens,
A lovely flower as e'er was seen.

Minnie and her mother lay on one bed,
And when Charles said, "our Minnie is dead,"
His mother then she did grow wild,
And early after knew her child.

They buried Minnie by her father's side,
And left them there where they had died—
Charles took his mother and brothers then
And brought them back to Michigan.

For the mother and the baby too,
Kind friends did all that they could do,
But those poor souls they could not save,
For now they're sleeping in their grave.

Oh! what a noble son was he,
His age was then only sixteen—
Charles House's name I have told before
God bless his soul forever more.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND

COME all kind, good people,
With sympathizing hearts,
Come listen to a few kind words
A friend to you imparts.
Be kind to an orphan child,
And always be its friend,
You will be happy in this world,
And will be to the end.

Be kind to the motherless,
Little motherless ones,
For God will forever bless
You in this world to come.
No kind and loving mother
To soothe their little brow,
Be kind to them always, friends,
They have no mother now.

Be kind to the fatherless,
Wherever you may find
One little one that is friendless,
I pray you all be kind.
For it has no loving father,
To speak with mild reproof,
Or guide its youthful footsteps
In honesty and truth.

Be kind to the little orphans,
They have no parents dear ;
Be kind to the little orphans,
Speak to them words of cheer,
Then they will always love you
For kind and gentle words,
Then God will ever bless you,
For He says so in His word.

THE TWO BRAVE SOLDIERS

AIR—*"The Texas Rangers"*

MY FRIENDS, I pray you listen,
A story I will tell;
It's of two noble soldiers,
And they were known full well;
They were killed in the rebellion,
As you shall plainly hear,
Those brave and noble soldiers,
No danger did they fear.

They enlisted in Grand Rapids,
In eighteen and sixty-two,
'Twas in the month of August,
About the middle, too;
These two brave, noble soldiers,
They joined the cavalry;
They fought to save their country,
United it yet may be.

One of them, a single man,
His name was Martin House;
The other one was married,
His name I'll tell you now.
Abram Bishop was his name;
He was a christian man;
Two soldiers, they were brave, and
They hailed from Michigan.

When they left their native place,
Their friends to them did say;
"Oh! do not go to war boys,
You'd better with us stay;
For if you join the army,
You never will return
To all your friends that love you,
You never will return."

Young House spoke unto his friends:
"I'd rather go," said he,
"I have no wife and children
To weep and mourn for me.

I hear my country calling
For her sons of liberty,
And I, for one must go, friends,
A coward I cannot be.

“We are not afraid of fighting
The rebels, no, not we;
They’re bound to make our country
A place for slaves to be.
Our fathers fought before us,
To gain our liberty,
And we, the sons of freemen,
Must fight to keep it free.

“Farewell, farewell to all our friends
That we may leave behind,
If we do never return,
We pray you bear in mind,
If God sees fit to call us,
We are not afraid to die;
Our country, she is calling,
We must bid you all good bye.”

It was in Old Virginia,
Those noble soldiers fell,
In the battle of Hanover town,
As many a man can tell.
They fought through many battles,
Obeyed their captain's call,
Alas! the missiles struck them,
And caused them both to fall.

EARLY DAYS OF ROCKFORD

AIR—" *Lucy Long* "

MY FRIENDS, I pray you listen,
I'll sing a little song,
About the village of Rockford,
It will not take me long;
And how it was first settled
By enterprising men,
And all the news about it,
I'll tell you if I can.

Situated in a wilderness,
With forests all around,
Thirteen miles from Grand Rapids,
Is this flourishing town.
On the banks of Rogue river,
Where runs the water still,
And in the early settled days,
Was called Laphamville.

First settled by Smith Lapham,
In eighteen and forty-three,
Then came the Hunter brothers
To keep him company.
Lapham and Hunter Brothers
Built each a shingle mill,
On the banks of Rogue river
Are the same old buildings still.

In the early days of Rockford
They had to run a stage,
They had no other conveyance
To get from place to place.
Now they go by railway,
The cars run night and day;
The early days of Rockford
Have nearly passed away.

GRAND RAPIDS CRICKET CLUB

IN GRAND RAPIDS is a handsome club,
Of men that cricket play,
As fine a set of skillful men
That can their skill display.
They are the champions of the West,
They think they are quite fine,
They've won a hundred honors well;
It is their most cunning design.

Brave Kelso, he's considered great,
Chief of the club he is found;
Great crowds he draws to see him bowl
The ball upon the ground.
And Mr. Follet is very brave,
A lighter player than the rest,
He got struck severe at the fair ground
For which he took a rest.

When Mr. Dennis does well play,
His courage is full great,
And accidents to him occur,
But not much, though, of late.
This ball play is a dangerous game,
Brave knights to play it though;
Those boys would be the nation's pride,
If they to war would go.

From Milwaukee their club did come,
With thoughts of skill at play,
But beat they was, and then went home—
Had nothing more to say.
Grand Rapids club that cricket play,
Will soon be known afar,
Much prouder do the members stand,
Like many a noble star.

LITTLE HENRY

AIR—"Minnie Lee"

OH! COME listen to my story
Of a little infant child—
His spirit is in glory—
It has left us for a while.
Death has robbed us of our Henry,
He is with our Savior now,
Where there is no pain or sorrow
Comes to cloud his little brow.

CHORUS

God has took their little treasure,
And his name I'll tell you now,
He has gone from earth forever,
Their little Charles Henry House.

His cheeks were red as roses,
And his eyes were black as coals,
His little lips were red as rubies,
And his little hair it curled.
Oh, they called him little Charley,
He was full of joyful mirth—
Now his little form is lying
'Neath the cold and silent earth.

It was the eleventh of December,
On a cold and windy day,
Just at the close of evening,
When the sunlight fades away;
Little Henry he was dying,
In his little crib he lay,
With soft winds round him sighing
From the morn till close of day.

Parents, brothers, sisters weeping,
For their cup of sorrow's full,
And his little playthings keeping,
That he thought so beautiful—

Tears from parents' eyes were starting
For their little loving one.
Oh! how painful was the parting
From their little infant son.

Oh! how often have they kissed him,
And caressed his little brow—
To his little voice have listened,
But his place is vacant now.
They called him little Charley,
And his loving name they called,
But they could not keep their darling
From the loving Savior's call.

But they must now cease their mourning,
His little soul is at rest,
Where there can no storms of trouble
Roll across his peaceful breast.
Now his little form is sleeping
In the cold and silent tomb,
And his friends are left a weeping,
In his dear and loving home.

It was the eleventh of December,
Eighteen seventy was the year,
Kind friends will all remember—
Silently let fall a tear.
But we must not trouble borrow,
For the God of heaven is just;
No one knows a parent's sorrow,
Till a child some friend have lost.

BE KIND TO THE LITTLE ONES

AIR—*"He Folds Them on His Bosom"*

BE KIND to all little ones,
All fathers, mothers dear,
Be kind to your little ones,
Their little hearts to cheer.
For oh! you know not how soon
Their place will vacant be;
If God should call one to his home,
Your conscience would be free.

Their little forms are tender,
They're at your mercy now;
They need your kind attention
To watch them every hour.
While they are little infants,
My friends, take time to spare:
Do not forget an instant,
To give them tender care.

God, he never did intend
You to misuse your child;
Their little souls to you he sends
To bless you for awhile.
And if you always will be kind
To them, sweet little ones,
Oh! what a blessing you will find
In after years to come.

You never, never will repent,
Dear friend, for being kind;
Those little ones to you were sent,
And always bear in mind,
That God may call your little ones
And leave you here behind;
Oh! what a happy thought will come—
I always have been kind.

RED RIBBON

THE Red Ribbon is all the go;
It's the temperance sign, you know;
It is seen wherever you go,
On men who dare do right.

CHORUS

Dare to do right,
Dare to do right,
Let your motto ever be
Dare to do right.

It's no disgrace to wear that badge
Of red ribbon, dear youthful lad,
Your mother's heart it will make glad
To see you dare do right.

Young friend, don't fail to sign the pledge,
And don the badge of ribbon red,
And leave some ways you have led,
Always dare do right.

Friends that love you is glad to see
That you can let vile strong drink be;
Their hearts rejoice in highest glee
To see you dare do right.

Three cheers for all red ribbon men,
And also those that is their friend;
God will be with you to the end,
He's ever on the right.

CARRIE MONRO

AIR—" *Belle Mahone* "

ONCE there was a lady fair,
With black eyes and curly hair,
She has left this world of care,
Sweet Carrie Monro.

CHORUS

Sweet Carrie Monro,
Dear Carrie Monro,
'And her friends will not forget
Sweet Carrie Monro.

Now those friends miss Carrie here,
For she was loved both far and near,
She has left them all in tears,
Sweet Carrie Monro.

Carrie's age was twenty-three,
A married lady, too, was she—
A mournful parting had to be,
From Carrie Monro.

It's just before her spirit fled
Her husband stood by her bed;
"Prove faithful, birdie, to me," said
Sweet Carrie Monro.

Sad will memory pass o'er
That loved form that is no more—
She's waiting on the other shore,
Loved Carrie Monro.

LITTLE MINNIE

AIR—*"In the Cottage by the Sea"*

COME listen to a painful story
A mother is going to tell,
For her heart is over-flowing
For that one she loved so well.
It's of a little infant daughter,
Mild and lovely, bright and fair—
She has left this world forever,
Left this world of grief and care.

CHORUS

Alone, all alone
In the grave yard she is sleeping,
That little one we loved so well—
God her little soul is keeping,
For he doeth all things well.

Oh! how sadly we'll remember,
On a bright and pleasant day—
It was the very last of summer
That her spirit fled away;
Fled away from earth forever,
Gone to dwell with Him above,
Where little angels dwell together
In His everlasting love.

Oh! we miss our little Minnie,
With blue eyes and flaxen hair—
Oh, we loved our little Minnie,
And we miss her everywhere;
Yes, we miss her at the table
Every morning, noon and night,
Where she sat with us together,
For she was our heart's delight.

On the twenty-fifth of August,
Eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
God he called her then to leave us,
And a parting had to be.

As the day it was declining,
The sun was down behind the trees,
Little Minnie she was dying,
Her little soul it had to leave.

Left this world of earthly trouble
And her friends that loved her dear,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Her place with them is vacant here.
Her little soul is at rest forever
In our Father's heavenly home,
Her little form is sweetly sleeping
In the cold and silent tomb.

Oh! she was our eldest daughter,
She was handsome to behold—
Every one that knew her loved her,
And her age was four years old.
And we miss her merry laughter,
Through the house she used to roam—
That little one, we'll not forget her
In our dear and loving home.

Oh! how oft-times we have kissed her
And caressed her little form—
God of heaven knows we loved her
From the day that she was born.
On a day of independence,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine,
God he gave to us a present
Of that little girl so fine.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

IN THE year eighteen seventy-six,
A Fourth of July celebration
Was held in Grand Rapids city
In honor to our nation.
The largest city in the county of Kent,
Is this city, and it is respected,
For thousands of people was here to see
The beautiful arch erected.

The Centennial arch on Campau Place
Was the most principal feature;
It was a grand beautiful sight
To all human sensitive creatures;
To all the people that loved to read
The mottoes on it painted,
The engravings, too, and tell
What each one represented.

The paintings and mottoes on the arch
Was viewed by many people ;
It was Colonel Joseph Penney's design,
And his work could not be equalled.
Mr. C. H. Gifford was architect,
He formed the noble structure,
A memento to the Centennial year,
A pride of our nation's culture.

A cabin was built, too, I believe,
That nicely represented
One that the traders built years ago,
This was the only one invented.
Ten thousand people respected it,
This token of early years, with pay ;
The honor of this little hut
Was due to Mr. Godfroy.

The stars and stripes was honored, too,
For from a thousand windows waving,
That dear old flag, red, white and blue,
That's loved throughout our nation :

That same flag for one hundred years
Has waved over our nation;
May God let it forever wave
Over our Union celebration.

The people in the city, friends,
Was an honor to our nation,
For they all joined heart and hand
In our Union celebration.
Some gave money, others labor,
To maintain what was intended.
It was a success, some people said,
Who here that day attended.

That day will never be forgot
By the people of Kent county,
God bless the people who joined that day
In the honor of our country.
The people in the city, friends,
Dearly loved this nation,
For they saved no time or expense
In our Centennial celebration.

MARYETTE MYERS

AIR—" *Lily of the West* "

COME all you sympathizing friends, wherever
you may be,
I pray you pay attention and listen unto me;
For it's of a fair young lady, she died, she
went to rest,
She was called handsome Maryette, the lily of
the west.

Her name was Maryette Myers, and her age
I do not know,
Her cheeks were red as roses, her eyes were
black as sloes;
She was loved by all surrounding friends, and
some that loved her best,
They called her handsome Maryette, the lily
of the west.

She was a fair young damsel as ever you wish
to see,

And in the circle of her friends they miss
her company;

They miss the merry laughter of that loved
one gone to rest,

They called her handsome Maryette, the lily
of the west.

She was before the looking glass, poor girl,
her hair to comb,

She was taken blind, she nearly fell, she only
gave a moan,

Her friends they caught her in their arms and
laid her down to rest,

She was the handsome Maryette, the lily of
the west.

She was away from home, and her mother
dear had come

To see her darling daughter, her dear loving
one;

She left a true lover, a lover with the rest,

That loved this handsome Maryette, the lily
of the west.

“She was buried on her wedding day,” these
words a friend gave,

Her lover went as a mourner, a mourner to
her grave,

His name was Forest Dilly, a young man
over west,

He loved this handsome Maryette, the lily of
the west.

THE DEAR OLD FLAG

OH! WE love that dear old flag,
That our forefathers gave
Over one hundred years ago, boys,
They once stood under that dear flag,
But now they are in their graves,
Sleeping their everlasting sleep, boys.

CHORUS

The Union forever,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah;
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars;
For we love that dear old flag
That our fathers fought to save
When they were fighting for our freedom.

We will rally around its standard
Every Fourth day of July,
For we dearly love our nation;
We love to see the stars and stripes
A waving up on high
Over our Union celebration.

Three cheers for the Union
And the red, white and blue,
And our forefathers that formed the con-
stitution;
May the flag forever wave
O'er our native land so true,
May God protect our flag and nation.

LIBBY PRISON

AIR—" *The Soldier's Orphan Boy* "

DOWN south the Libby prison stood,
The rebel's filthy den;
Rebs in battle prisoners took—
Of course our union men.
And our brave boys, hearty and hale,
To prison had to go,
And few have lived to tell the tale
Of misery and woe.

This prison was a horrid place,
Many brave boys died there,
In rags and filth and wretchedness,
They died for want of care.
Many a brave and noble man,
As he lay sick and sore,
Was thinking of his friends and home
He never would see more.

Fathers, brothers, young husbands dear
Went through that prison door—
Some lived to return home, we hear,
And others are no more.
Many a noble soldier died
In Libby prison cell,
And comrades perish'd side by side,
As many a man can tell.

No loving hand was near a couch
To bathe an aching head—
No loving friend to watch the hours,
Or soothe their dying bed;
No friend to wipe the fallen tears
From off the dewy face—
No loving kindred was there near
To mark their resting place.

HATTIE HOUSE

AIR—"Lily Dale"

COME all kind friends, wherever you may be,
Come listen to what I say,
It's of a little girl that was pleasant to see,
And she died while out doors at play.

CHORUS

Oh! Hattie, dear Hattie,
Sweet little Hattie House—
May the flowers ever bloom o'er the little tomb,
Of our loved one, Hattie House.

She had blue eyes and light flaxen hair,
Her little heart was light and gay,
She said to her mother, that morning fair,
"Mother, can I go out and play?"

Her mother tied her bonnet on,
Not thinking it would be the last
She would ever see her dear little one
In this world, little Hattie House.

She left the house, this dear little girl,
On that bright and pleasant day—
She went to play with two little girls
That were near about her age.

She was not gone but a little while
When they heard her playmates call—
Her friends hastened there to save the child,
Alas, she was dead and gone.

Those little girls will not forget
The day little Hattie died,
For she was with them when she fell in a fit,
While playing by their side.

She was her parents' only child,
And her age was near six years,
And now she has left them for a while—
Left all her friends in tears.

She has left this world of grief and woe,
Dear friends, she has left behind—
She is waiting on the other shore,
To meet them bye and bye.

One fine morning, the fifth of July,
The summer flowers were in bloom,
Eighteen seventy-one, little Hattie died,
And is sleeping in her tomb.

LITTLE SUSAN

AIR—"The Pride of Caldair"

ONCE there was a little girl
And her friends loved her dear—
Her parents loved their little one,
She did their hearts cheer.
They loved their little darling,
As with them she did roam,
They called her little Susan,
The pride of their home.

Blue eyes had little Susan,
And light flaxen hair,
And she was a pleasant child to see,
So beautiful and fair.
With her parents she will never more
On earth with them roam—
They loved their little Susan,
The pride of their home.

Her parents had more children,
There were nine of them all—
There are eight of them living,
For God but one called.
The flower of their family
God called to his home,
It was their little Susan,
The pride of their home.

Her friends will not forget her,
Though she died years ago—
It was John H. Moore's daughter,
Her age was four years old.
She is waiting in heaven,
Waiting for her friends to come
And be with their little Susan,
The pride of their home.

YOUNG HENRY

AIR—"*Drummer Boy of Waterloo*"

YOUNG Henry was as faithful boy
As ever stood on the American soil,
And he did enlist, without a doubt,
When the rebellion was broke out.

He was his parents' only son,
And only child he was but one,
That was a girl aged seventeen,
Henry called her his May Queen.

Young Henry said, "Dear sister May,
What do you think my friends will say?
For now my name is on the roll,
And I down south will have to go."

"I hear my country's call," said he,
"For all her sons of liberty,
And I, forever, will prove true
To that dear old flag, red, white and blue.

"I love my father and mother dear,
I leave you, May, their hearts to cheer;
When I am gone, pray do not mourn
If I should never return home."

His sister then to him did say,
"My only brother, blithe and gay,
Our country calls, calls from afar;
May God protect you through the war."

Their father hearing all was said,
It made his noble heart grow sad;
"My children, I love both of you,
And yet I love my country, too."

"My son, if I was young again,
I never could at home remain,
And see my native land, now free,
Dissolved and made in slavery."

Young Henry left his father's home,
And left his friends for him to mourn,
A captain of a little band,
He marched away from Michigan.

In the battle of Fredericksburg,
Above the battle roar was heard,
"Fight on! fight on! brave boys," he cried,
"I am shot and wounded, and must die."

They placed his head upon the grass,
So he could see his brave boys pass;
"Go tell my father, Henry's slain
To keep him from the rebel's chain."

They dug his grave beneath that spot,
They wrapped him in his soldier's coat,
And while the battle drums they heard,
They laid him low at Fredericksburg.

ASHTABULA DISASTER

AIR—*"Gently Down the Stream of Time"*

HAVE you heard of the dreadful fate
Of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife?
Of their death I will relate,
And also others lost their life;
Ashtabula Bridge disaster,
Where so many people died
Without a thought that destruction
Would plunge them 'neath the wheel of tide.

CHORUS

Swiftly passed the engine's call,
Hastening souls on to death,
Warning not one of them all;
It brought despair right and left.

Among the ruins are many friends,
Crushed to death amidst the roar;
On one thread all may depend,
And hope they've reached the other shore..

P. P. Bliss showed great devotion
To his faithful wife, his pride,
When he saw that she must perish,
He died a martyr by her side.

P. P. Bliss went home above—
Left all friends, earth and fame,
To rest in God's holy love;
Left on earth his work and name.
The people love his work by numbers,
It is read by great and small,
He by it will be remembered,
He has left it for us all.

His good name from time to time
Will rise on land and sea;
It is known in distant climes,
Let it echo wide and free.
One good man among the number,
Found sweet rest in a short time,
His weary soul may sweetly slumber
Within the vale, heaven sublime.

Destruction lay on every side,
Confusion, fire and despair;
No help, no hope, so they died,
Two hundred people over there.
Many ties was there broken,
Many a heart was filled with pain,
Each one left a little token,
For above they live again.

MAY 20 1912





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